As hardy as the *Nemean* Lions nerve:
Still am I call'd; unhand me Gentlemen,
By heaven Ile make a Ghoſt of him that lets me:
I ſay away: Goe on, Ile follow thee. *Exit Ghoſt and Hamlet.*

Hor. He waxes deſperate with imagination.

Mar. Lets follow, 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hora. Have after: to what iſſue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the State of *Denmarke*.

Hora. Heaven will direct it.

Mar. Nay let's follow him. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ghoſt and Hamlet.

Ham. Whither wilt thou lead me? ſpeake, Ile goe no further.

Ghoſt. Marke me.

Ham. I will.

Ghoſt. My houre is almoſt come,
When I to ſulphrous and tormenting flames
Muſt render up my ſelfe.

Ham. Alas poore Ghoſt.

Ghoſt. Pity me not, but lend thy ſerious hearing
To what I ſhall unfold,

Ham. Speake, I am bound to heare.

Gho. So art thou to revenge when thou ſhalt heare.

Ham. What?

Ghoſt. I am thy fathers ſpirit,
Doom'd for a certaine terme to walke the night,
And for the day confin'd to faſt in fires,
Till the foule crimes done in my dayes of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away: But that I am forbid
To tell the ſecrets of my priſon houſe,
I could a tale unfold, whoſe lighteſt word
Would harrow up thy ſoule, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like ſtars ſtart from their ſpheres,
Thy knotted and combined lockes to part,
And each particular haire to ſtand an end
Like quills upon the feareſull Porpentine:
But this eternall blazon muſt not be
To eares of fleſh and blood: liſt, liſt, O liſt,
If thou didſt ever thy deare father love.

Ham.

Ham. O God!

Gho. Revenge his foule

Ham. Murder!

Ghoſt. Murder moſt fou
But this moſt foule, ſtrang

Ham. Haſt me to know
As mediation, or the tho
May ſweepe to my reven

Ghoſt. I finde thee ap
And duller ſhouldſt thou
That roots it ſelfe in eaſe
Wouldſt thou not ſtirre
'Tis given out, that ſleep
A Serpent ſtung me: ſo t
Is by a forged proceſſe o
Rankely abuſed: but kn
The Serpent that did ſti
Now weares his Crown

Ham. O my Prophet

Ghoſt. I, that inceſtu
With witchcraft of his
O wicked wits, and gif
So to ſeduce! won to hi
The will of my moſt ſee
O *Hamlet*, what a falli
From me, whoſe love w
That it went hand in ha
I made to her in marria
Upon a wretch, whoſe
To thoſe of mine! but v
Though lewdneſſe cou
So but though to a radi
Will ſort it ſelfe in a c
And prey on garbage.
But ſoft, me thinkes I ſ
Briefe let me be: Slee
My cuſtome alwaies o
Upon my ſecure houre